

CUMBERLAND'S
 No. 41. MINOR THEATRE, Pr. 6d.
 BEING A COMPANION TO
 Cumberland's British Theatre.

“ NO! ”

A FARCE IN ONE ACT,
 Adapted from the French,
 BY FRANCIS REYNOLDS, ESQ.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY
 With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,
 By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
 formed in the MERTROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with
 A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,
 By Mr. BONNER,
 from
 A Drawing taken in the Theatre
 by
 Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc

"No!"

Frederick. You will not surely refuse to aid my suit?

Act 1. Scene 1.

“ NO ! ”

A FARCE,

In One Act.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

BY FRANCIS REYNOLDS, ESQ.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
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OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

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REMARKS.

“No!”

IF there be truth in a *name*, this farce is purely of a *negative* character; but names, like *men*, are not always to be trusted: indeed, there are *two* reasons why we don't trust a man—one, because we *don't* know him, and the other, because *we do*. An *angel face* is sometimes a mask for a *lurking devil*—a *good man*, in the *city* sense of the word, is generally synonymous with a *lucky rascal*; and a piece, the *name* of which promises entertainment, too often turns out (like a bankrupt's note) a mere promise to pay. In the present instance, without coming to a division, we may fairly say that the *Noes* have it. This dramatic monosyllable having passed the *lower* house, *nem. con.*, has reached the *upper*, and been greeted with the same tokens of good will. Major and minor theatre have marked it for their own—are they right in their adoption of “No?”—Yes.

Love and jealousy form the basis of this farce. Heaven (“Love is heaven!”) and hell (“the jealous are the damned!”) are called upon to contribute their *quota* to the public diversion. We know (by *theory*) the ad-

vantages of *early rising*, and (by *practice*) the difficulty of securing to ourselves these advantages. To the slug-gard, who—

“ Like the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy head ! ”

we recommend the instant *falling in love*, for in “ No ! ” we are presented with the example of a young lady, who, for fifteen days, had risen before sunrise to enjoy the fresh air and—her lover’s company. We now turn to the jealous part of the story, in which we discover the usual ingredients of credulity and folly. We know not if it be common for elderly gentlemen with young wives to appoint the green-eyed monster groom of the chamber ; but certain it is that, in the household of Sir George Doubtful, he occupies a distinguished place. A young gentleman, Frederick, is consigned by his uncle, Commodore Hurricane, to the care of Sir George, for the purpose, we presume, of keeping him out of mischief. Now, it frequently happens that the very means we take to avoid temptation lead us into it. Sir George not only possesses a handsome wife, but his lady a handsome sister : it is therefore no wonder that the young couple, for five months domiciled under the same roof, should *fall the victims of circumstances*, and become enamoured of each other. But love without difficulty is a tame concern—who cares for the fruit that may be had for the gathering ? There is no true lover but he

who has taken the regular leap either from a one, two, or three pair of stairs window, as occasion may offer, or necessity compel; and the loftier the leap, the higher he stands in his lady's estimation. A clandestine correspondence is carried on between the parties, to which all eyes are shut, but the ever-watchful sparklers of Mrs. Deborah Doublelock, who discovers the secret; but having in early days *herself* been in the oven, she forbears to roast too severely the passion of her young mistress. To blind the eyes of Sir George, the lovers *affect* not only an indifference, but a positive dislike for each other; and Frederick, by way of gaining the vote and interest of Lady Doubtful, pays her a marked attention. This alarms the jealousy of the silly old knight; and a letter, couched in very amorous terms, to which, by way of caution, *no address* is prefixed, falling into his hands, he applies the contents to his wife—becomes horn-mad—raves, stamps, and buzzes about, for all the world like a cockchafer with a pin in his tail. The “No!” mystery, when he engages his household to apply that tantalizing monosyllable in answer to all inquiries (a trick, the cause of which we cannot divine, unless it be for mirth and merriment), produces much amusing perplexity to all parties; and not a little to the knight himself, against whom it turns with whimsical retribution. In the sequel, he loses his wager, but finds a cure for his jealousy in the union of the lovers.

This piece has been successfully played at most of the Minor Theatres in London—at the Adelphi it was particularly attractive, Mr. Sinclair and Miss Graddon performing Frederick and Maria. The Drury Lane cast again presents them in their old characters; with Messrs. Bennet and Browne in Sir George Doubtful and the Commodore; Mrs. Orger in her Ladyship; and Mrs. Jones in Nurse Deborah. The united talents of these ladies and gentlemen carried the piece through triumphantly. The audience seemed satisfied, and so were we.

☞ D—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; C. D. *Centre Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.
----	-----	----	-----	----

•• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Costume.

SIR GEORGE DOUBTFUL.—Dove-coloured old-fashioned suit—white silk stockings—shoes—buckles—knee-buckles—powdered bob-wig and bag.

FREDERICK.—Blue coat—white waistcoat—white trousers—silk stockings—shoes—round hat.

COMMODORE HURRICANE.—Admiral's full-dress coat—jack-boots—white kerseymere waistcoat—breeches—cocked-hat—cane.

SMART.—White livery-jacket—white waistcoat—leather breeches—top-boots—round hat—cockade.

ANDREW.—Old-fashioned brown coat—red waistcoat—corderoy breeches—speckled-worsted stockings—shoes—buckles—gray wig.

LADY DOUBTFUL.—Full-dress white muslin morning dress.

DEBORAH.—Old-fashioned dark flowered gown—green quilted petticoat—white apron—kerchief—cap—high-heeled shoes—buckles—black mittens.

MARIA.—White muslin morning dress.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres, and at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Adelphi.
Drury Lane.

1829.

Sir George Doubtful	Mr. W. Bennett.
Commodore Hurricane	Mr. Browne.
Frederick, his Nephew	Mr. Sinclair.
Smart, Frederick's Valet	Mr. C. Jones.
Andrew Doublelock, the Steward.	Mr. Salter.
John	Mr. East.
Thomas	Mr. Eaton.
William	Mr. Sheriff.
David.	
Lady Doubtful	Mrs. Orger.
Maria	Miss Graddon.
Mrs. Deborah Doublelock	Mrs. C. Jones.

“NO!”

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden—a Pedestal on each side and one in the centre, with vases upon them—Garden-wall with gates in c. across the back—Distant country beyond.*

Enter MARIA, L.

Maria. Seven o'clock, and Frederick not here! [*Raises the vase, R.*] no letter either,—can he for the first time have forgotten his Maria? No, I will not, cannot doubt him.

Enter DEBORAH, L. S. E., approaching Maria cautiously.

Maria. [*Turning and seeing Deborah.*] Ah! [*Starting.*

Deb. Bless my heart, Miss Maria, do I frighten you?

Maria. Frighten! oh, no, dear nurse, you can never frighten me. [*Aside.*] Alas! should Frederick come now, all will be discovered. Had we not better return to the house?—Breakfast will be ready, and——

Deb. What, at seven o'clock! Oh, no, you are somewhat early for breakfast this morning.

Maria. Yes, I believe I am rather early, but the air was so fresh, the sun so brilliant, that I could not resist a walk.

Deb. Ay, but the air was not so fresh, nor the sun so brilliant yesterday morning, nor the morning before that, or the morning before that——

Maria. What mean you, nurse?

Deb. Is it only to enjoy the fresh air, that a certain young lady has risen for fifteen days before sunrise—that she has gone secretly into the Park——

Maria. Good heavens!

Deb. That she there joins a certain young man, that

they converse some minutes, and that, when she arrives first, she runs to a certain vase, and——

Maria. Silence, dear nurse, for mercy's sake.

Deb. Fresh air! fresh fiddlesticks! I know these things—do you think your absence of mind, your sighs, your blushes, and your anxious looks, could escape the eyes of old Deborah, who nursed you when an infant, and now loves you like a mother: come, come, you see I know all about it.—And so he hasn't been here this morning?

Maria. Disguise with you is fruitless; yet, as I wish to be guided in all affairs by the superior discernment and good sense of my dear dear nurse, [*Coaxing.*] tell me what you really think of Mr. Frederick?

Deb. Well, then, I think Mr. Frederick is full of grace, spirit, and politeness.

Maria. [*Warmly.*] And his heart, nurse—his heart?

Deb. Oh, that's your affair; but this I know, that his uncle, Commodore Hurricane, has done all the ladies of the family a great favour, in sending so sweet a young man to enter the world under the care of my master, Sir George Doubtful.

Maria. Yes, five months under the same roof, the habit of seeing him daily, his attentions—I mean, his merit—that is——

Deb. Ay, ay, I know what you mean—I have travelled the same road before you; but why has he not declared himself to Sir George, or my lady your sister?

Maria. Dependent on his uncle, he dared not, until assured of his consent; and, till certain of that, to render my sister favourable to our union, Frederick pays her the most assiduous attention.

Deb. Yes, indeed; till Sir George, who is as jealous as a tiger, without wishing to appear so, is ready to cut his own throat and Mr. Frederick's into the bargain.

Maria. We have settled, moreover, that in public we should appear indifferent to each other—nay, almost dislike one another a little bit.

Deb. But in private?

Maria. Why, nurse, as you said just now——

Deb. Well, eh, what?

Maria. [*Archly.*] That's my affair.

Deb. Ay, you little rogue! Well, fear not old Deborah, your secret is safe; but, should you meet Mr. Frederick,

tell him not to be too attentive to my lady, or, whilst he gains the interest of the wife, he may lose that of the husband.

[Exit, L.

Maria. [Ad libitum speech and song introduced.—Exit, R.

Enter SIR G. DOUBTFUL and ANDREW, L. S. E.

Sir G. Cease your questions and obey me,—order my horse, I have business which calls me hence.

And. But, dear sir, at this early hour——

Sir G. 'Sdeath! will you obey my orders or not?

And. Oh, certainly, Sir George, [Crosses, R.]—the very devil's in him this morning. [Aside—Exit, R.

Sir G. Would to heaven, I had never taken charge of this boy, this Frederick; and how to refuse so old a friend as his father, I knew not.—I have every confidence in my wife's principles—yes, yes, every confidence—but she is young—not to say that I am old—no, no, by no means—I am rather at that period of life which every woman of sense would prefer; but then she is certainly young, and the marked attentions of this boy——

Enter FREDERICK, hastily, L., holding a letter, which he conceals on seeing Sir George.

Sir G. (R.) Who's there?

Fre. (L.) [Aside.] Sir George, the devil!

Sir G. [Aside.] A letter—by heavens he conceals it! [Aloud.] Why so early prepared for riding, Frederick?

Fre. A letter from my uncle, sir, which, when you have read, you will perceive—stop, I have so many letters— [Searching and pulling out three or four letters.

Sir G. Is not that it? [Pointing to one.

Fre. No, no, that's not it—here it is. [Gives him a different letter.] Should I not be able to get rid of Sir George, what will become of my letter!

Sir G. [Having looked over the letter.] The letter is like my friend, brief and impetuous; but why need he be in such a passion about telling you to marry?

Fre. Perhaps, he foresees I shall oppose his wishes.

Sir G. Oppose his wishes! what, when the heart is free?

Fre. Yes, sir; but suppose the heart should not be free.

SONG. [Introduced.]

Sir G. Indeed! should that be the case, young

gentleman, considering you are under my charge, I should be aware of the object of your love.

Fre. Why, to speak sincerely, you are the last person to whom I should wish it disclosed.

Sir G. I believe you, upon my soul; but, if you are resolved upon disobedience to your uncle, why not avoid him by remaining at the hall?

Fre. My dear sir, you are yet to know the Commodore. Did I not seek him, he would quickly discover me, and besides I owe him some respect—I am his heir.

[Crosses to R.]

Sir G. But you will not leave the hall, without taking leave of her ladyship and——

Fre. [Quickly.] Do you think her ladyship likes me?

Sir G. Upon my soul, sir—I——

Fre. Do you know, I have the greatest desire to make myself agreeable to her.

Sir G. Pleasant intelligence!

Fre. I must delay no longer, but do not be uneasy at my absence—I shall soon settle my uncle; and, this hateful marriage once put aside, I shall return, to quit you no more.

Sir G. How, sir, quit us no more?

Fre. Not an instant! Without such a hope, could I quit a spot where I have passed such blissful hours with you, with her ladyship, with—[*Aside.*] but I shall betray myself. [To *Sir George.*] Farewell, dear Sir George, and keep my secret.

Sir G. Why, sir, you hav'nt told it me yet?

Fre. Indeed! so much the better—perhaps it wouldn't meet your approbation;—so, once more farewell. [*Exit, R.*]

Sir G. Yes, my gay spark, farewell, and for some time too, if my letter to your uncle takes effect. It must be my lady he alludes to: he has seen no other female here but Maria; and she, with that discrimination which marks her character, detests him, will scarcely speak to him,—yes, yes, 'tis my lady. [*Looks off, R.*] But who comes here so cautiously through the shrubbery?—As I live, Frederick's valet, and bearing a letter, too;—he seems fearful of observation—'tis resolved, should it make me unhappy for life, I must, I will penetrate this mystery

[Conceals himself behind the trees, L.]

Enter SMART, R., with a letter in his hand.

Smart. [Looking cautiously around.] No one observes me

Sir G. [*Aside.*] What is he about?

Smart. What's that? [*Starting.*] Oh! it's only a bird in the bush, I suppose. My master must have been an awkward fellow, not to be able to deceive the observation of Sir George—

Sir G. [*Aside.*] Deceive me!

Smart. And force me to retrace my steps, and all for a stupid love-letter. [*Approaches the vase, R.*

Sir G. [*Aside.*] A love-letter! So, so!

[*Crosses from L., unperceived by Smart, and hides behind a shrub at the back of the vase, R.*

Smart. Let me see—vase number one, two, three—ay, here it is. [*Slips the letter under the vase, R.*] A whimsical post-office, truly; to be left till called for, I suppose?

Sir G. [*Aside.*] So, so!

Smart. Eh! what's that? Another bird, I suppose—ay, all's right. And now, having taken care of number three, I think I had better have an eye to number one.

[*Exit, R.*

Sir G. [*Advancing, and taking the letter cautiously from under the vase, R.*] Now, then, to know my fate—no address! cautious! [*Reads.*] "My dear love"—His dear love! "I depart without being able to tell you that my Ucle wishes me to marry, and that he has commanded me to go to him; but be comforted—depend upon my eternal constancy, on our mutual vows." Mutual vows! Traitors! "I could not join you at our customary morning meeting; but this note, which informs you of the reasons of my failure, also assures you that I shall return this evening, more than ever your devoted and passionately attached "FREDERICK"—"Postscript—Take care of Sir George—notwithstanding all our caution, I have reason to believe he has other views regarding you."—Quite correct—I have other views for her; this evening shall complete them. I will pretend business of moment calls me hence; and, suddenly returning, end all my doubts for ever: but, in the interim, should the gay spark return, in hopes to profit by my absence, I will bind my family by a promise that shall frustrate his most ardent solicitations;—but see, my lady comes—let me be cautious.

Enter LADY DOUETFUL, MARIA, ANDREW, and four Servants, L.

Lady D. Good morning, dear Sir George; you see, I participate in your rural tastes; for, hearing you had

been enjoying this beautiful morning since sunrise, I have ordered breakfast to be prepared here.

[The Servants bring table and chairs from the entrances to c., then fetch breakfast, and make all ready.]

Sir G. True; I wished, before my departure——

Lady D. Departure! What, are we to lose all our beaux? They tell me Frederick has just left us.

Maria. Frederick gone!

Sir G. 'Tis true: he parted from me a few minutes ago.

Lady D. And without taking leave! *[Looking at Maria.]*

Sir G. When a young man is going to be married——

Maria. Married!

Lady D. Married!

Sir G. Married! yes, my pretty sister; though you dislike him, Frederick has the power to make himself agreeable to others.

Lady D. Poor Maria! this is, indeed, a blow to her; for, say as she will, I know she loves him. Perfidious wretch!

Sir G. Yesterday, I believe, Frederick knew not of his uncle's intentions; but this morning a pressing letter, offering a splendid alliance, so enchanted the giddy boy, that, notwithstanding all my entreaties, he was off like a rocket.

Maria. *[Aside.]* False, false Frederick!

Lady D. Oh, man, man! like 'em all! *[Sir George has stolen close to Lady Doubtful—noticing her intently, she turns short upon him.]* Sir George!

Sir G. Eh! oh, let's to breakfast.

[They sit, Lady Doubtful L., Sir George R., Maria C.]

Lady D. I can read in that wise countenance of your's, Sir George, a little project which you are busily forming. Some——

Sir G. Can you, then, have perceived?

Lady D. Perceived! To be sure, I have: you men are such clever creatures—but come, confess—are you not thinking of some little surprise for me?

Sir G. Why, I must confess—but it's only a whim.

Lady D. Do, my dear Sir George, pray indulge me; I am so fond of whims.

Sir G. Well, then, do you know that I cannot persuade myself that you would be able during my absence,—that is, till four o'clock, servants and all, to answer

only one word to all who might present themselves at the gate. *[Servants eagerly listen.]*

Lady D. And is this a very terrible word?

Sir G. One that few women have said seriously twice in their lives.

Lady D. Indeed! let's hear it.

Sir G. Now, tell me, can you, during my absence, answer all visitors with a dry conscientious—*No?*

Omnes. No!

Sir G. No!

Lady D. How ridiculous! *[Aside.]* Ah! my poor dear jealous husband, you shall pay for this. *[To Sir George.]* And pray, if we all consent so to—mit our sweet tongues, what is to be our reward?

Sir G. Choose.

Lady D. Grant me the first request I make after the clock strikes four, and give fifty pounds amongst the servants.

Sir G. Agreed—but, if you lose?

Lady D. I pay the fifty pounds, and grant any request you may make.

Sir G. Agreed: now to my carriage, and remember—

Omnes. No!

[Exit Sir George through the gate, C.—Servants, L. S. E., with breakfast things.]

Lady D. Poor Maria! there she stands, the very picture of melancholy; but away with reserve, and effect a cure: let me force her to avow the love I have so long suspected—Maria, Maria, my dear!

Maria. Oh, sister! is Sir George gone, then?

Lady D. Yes; but I shall soon see him again.

Maria. True: you will soon see him again. *[Sighs.]*

Lady D. Mercy on us! what a sigh! Does my happiness, then, distress you?

Maria. *[Agitated.]* You cannot think so.

Lady D. Why, I scarcely know what to think of a sister who refuses me her confidence; and, sooner than trust me with the secrets of her heart, pines in private.

Maria. What mean you?

Lady D. That there exists a charming, though faithless mortal in the world, who, after having excited a lively and tender interest, has perhaps——

Maria. Your ladyship is in error: I will not pretend to misunderstand; but, so far from any tender interest, I detest the very name of the man you allude to.

Lady D. Detest! how very indifferent he must be to you—and yet your emotion at hearing of his marriage—

Maria. Oh, dear sister, no emotion at all—not the least; a slight momentary indisposition, perhaps, but no emotion. [*Deborah and Andrew heard quarreling without, l.*]

Enter DEBORAH and ANDREW, l.

Lady D. Bless me, good people, what is the cause of this quarrelling? [*Crosses to them.*]

And. Why, my lady, my wife has taken one of her fits of contradiction, and won't conform to Sir George's wishes.

Deb. (l.) No, I won't; if you ask me a thousand times, I'll say No.

And. There, now, that's all we want.

Deb. What's all you want?

And. No, no, no; a thousand times—No.

Deb. Indeed, my dear, I can't do it; I never said No in all my life, and I'm not going to begin at my years.

Lady D. Indeed! Then the fifty pounds Sir George was to have given the servants, in case of their obedience, will be lost.

Deb. [*Eagerly.*] Fifty pounds! why, man, you never told me that.

And. You never gave me time.

Lady D. May we now depend upon you?

Deb. Oh, I'll be choked before I say yes.

[*Deborah and Andrew retire up in conversation.*]

Lady D. That's right—anything rather than yes. And now, my dear sister, if you have subdued the momentary indisposition, let us to the hall, prepare for the adventures of the day, and fashion our lips to the pronunciation of this awful monosyllable—No!

[*Exit Lady Doubtful and Maria, l.*]

Deb. Well, I've made the promise; and, odds my life! I hope I shall keep it.

And. Oh, never fear. Come, I'll try you:—suppose a handsome young man was to approach you, and say, Mrs. Deborah, you are charming to-day, allow me to imprint a gentle kiss on those fair lips, what would you answer.

Deb. Yes, of course.

And. Yes, Mrs.—

Deb. [*Interrupting him.*] No, no, no,—I meant to say no,—but the force of habit, you know—

And. Force of habit, indeed!

Deb. Yes; suppose Peter came to you, and said,—Andrew, your wife's gone out, will you come to the ale-house and take a drop? what would you answer?

And. Yes, certainly——

Deb. Yes, Mr.——

And. [*Interrupting her.*] No, no, no,—I meant to say No. But the force of habit, you know——

[*Commodore Hurricane heard without.*]

Deb. Dear me, what's that?

And. As I'm an honest man, it's my master's old friend, Commodore Hurricane. Here'll be a storm.

Enter COMMODORE HURRICANE, *at gate, c.*

Com. Well, here I am, safe in port, at last. Ah, Mrs. Deborah, good morning to you!—and you, my old friend; have you enjoyed your health since I left?

And. No.

Com. The devil! so much the worse, my old boy; but you, Deborah, look as well as ever, and still have the same liking for your old friend, the Commodore?

Deb. No.

Com. Well, that's fair and above-board at any rate; but, harkye, can I have some breakfast?

And. No.

Com. No! why, you lubber, do you know who I am?

And. No!

Com. [*To Deborah.*] Tell me, is that old fool mad!

Deb. No!

Com. Oh, that I had you on board the thunderbolt! Is Sir George at home?

And. No.

Com. My nephew?

Deb. No.

Com. The ladies?

And. No.

Com. What, all out?

And. }

&

Deb. }

No.

Com. By the Lord Harry, they're all mad, from the main-guard to the mizen-top! I'll give them one chance more [*Taking out his purse.*] I suppose you don't forget that I always gave you a couple of guineas when I came.

Both. [*Delighted.*] No.

Com. [*Opening the purse.*] Will you have them now ?

Both. [*Dejected.*] No !

Com. You couple of provoking tantalizing old devils ! clear the decks, or I'll be athwart your hawsers in the twist of a handspike ! [*Raises his cane, Deborah and Andrew run off, L. U. E.*] But I'll get some other answer than No, I'm determined, or I'll blow Sir George and his house to the devil !

[*Goes up to the gate, c., and rings the bell violently.*]

Enter JOHN, THOMAS, WILLIAM, and DAVID, L. U. E.—
Thomas goes down on R.

Com. Oh, here comes a change of wind, at last. [*Goes down, c.*] Come here, Thomas, you are an honest fellow ?

Tho. No.

Com. [*Knocks him down with his cane.*] Do you like that ?

Tho. [*Roaring on the ground.*] No. [*Scrambles off, R.*]

Com. Now, gentlemen, after that example, will any of you dare to say No ?

All. No !

Com. You infernal pack of scoundrels ! take that, and that.
[*Beats them off, L. U. E.*]

Enter SIR GEORGE at the gate, c., and nearly gets a blow.

Com. So, Sir George, at last I've found you !

Sir G. My dear Commodore, I'm delighted to see you !

Com. Thank heaven, he hasn't said No. Pray proceed, Sir George—you speak intelligibly.

Sir G. Intelligibly ! what do you mean, Commodore ?

Com. Indeed, Sir George, I scarcely know what I mean. I received a letter from you, stating your suspicions that my scapegrace of a nephew has fallen in love with your lady. I desire his immediate attendance—he neglects my orders—I come here to seek him—and all your servants treat me with the most infernal impudence.

Sir G. Can it be possible ?

Com. I ask them if they're in health ?—No.

Sir G. Delightful !

Com. I offer them money to drink my health.—No.

Sir G. That's charming !

Com. Is your master at home ?—No .

Sir G. Excellent!

Com. Why, damme, you're as mad as any of them! I at last beg to know if I shall be welcome, and the answer is——

Sir G. No?

Com. Exactly?

Sir G. Upon my soul, it's admirable.

Com. And, upon my soul, it's damnable! And you approve of your servants' conduct to an old friend? I wish you farewell.

Sir G. Yet stay, my dear Commodore.

Com. No.

Sir G. Let me explain?

Com. No.

Sir G. One word!

Com. No, no, no!

Enter JOHN, L. U. E.—Crosses behind to R.

Com. Here, John, you rascal, order my horses.

John. No.

[*Runs off, R., followed by the Commodore, in a rage—Sir George, laughing, goes after them.*]

Enter FREDERICK and SMART, through the gate, C.

Fre. My uncle here! how, in the name of all that's unlucky, can I have missed him? But there's no time for conjecture. You faithfully discharged the morning's commission?

Smart. I did. [*Lifts up vase, R.*] And see, the letter's gone.

Fre. Then Maria has received it. [*Maria sings behind, L.*] Ah, 'tis her voice! Leave me, and, as my Uncle says, keep a sharp look-out.

Smart. Dear sir, I must keep a sharp look-out for the larder. Consider, I have eat nothing since morning.

Fre. Glutton! this is no time to think of eating—you must watch my uncle—you shall eat to-night, or to-morrow—the next day after——

Smart. Yes, or the next day fortnight, or treat my stomach as they do bills in the House of Commons—take it into consideration this day six months. [*Exit, R.*]

Enter MARIA, L.

Maria. I know not what infatuation leads me to this

spot, where I shall no more see him, where I ought not to wish to see him. [Crosses to vase, R.]

Fre. [Advancing.] Maria.

Mar. [Aside.] Heavens ! 'tis he himself !

Fre. Maria, why turn from me ? have I offended ?

Mar. [Crosses to L.—Aside.] What will become of me ?

Fre. What ! not a word !

DUET.—FREDERICK and MARIA.

Fre. Will you not bless with one sentence a lover
Whose bosom beats only for——

Maria. No !

Fre. The cause of your absence, I prithee, discover,—
Pray tell me your reason for——

Maria. No !

Fre. Say, dearest, you still love me.

Maria. No !

Fre. Oh, can you, then, doom me to sorrow ?

Yet, once again bless me with——

Maria. No !

Fre. Oh, promise to meet me to-morrow !

Prithee——

Maria. No !

Fre. Promise——

Maria. No

Fre. Don't say——

Maria. No !

Fre. Must we, then, dearest Maria ! now sever !

And can you, then, part with me

Maria. No !

Fre. Then swear, by yon sun, to be only mine, ever,—
You cannot refuse me, love——

Maria. No !

Fre. Then you hate not your fond lover ?

Maria. No !

Fre. Your hand to his faithful heart pressing,—
Say, does it offend you, love ?

Maria. No !

Fre. Then to marry will not be distressing ?

Answer !

Maria. No !

Fre. Once more

Maria. No !

Both. No, no, no !

[Frederick kneels, and kisses Maria's hand]

Enter LADY DOUBTFUL, L. S. E.

Maria. My sister ! I'm lost !

Fre. Lady Doubtful ! Nay, then, further concealment is useless : know, dearest madam, I love your sister,

love her to distraction; and, were twenty thousand uncles to oppose our union, never would I wed another.

Lady D. No!

Enter SIR GEORGE and COMMODORE HURRICANE, R. U. E., followed by Thomas, John, Andrew, Deborah, William, and David, L. U. E.

Fre. You will not surely refuse to aid my suit? [*Kneels to Lady Doubtful.*] Thus, then, a grateful lover pours out his thanks.

[*Sir George and Commodore Hurricane rush forward.*

Com. (L.) Oh, you infernal rascal! are you not a villain?

Sir G. (R.) Are you not a false abandoned woman?

Lady D. No.

Sir G. Maria, did you not hear him declare his love for my wife?

Mar. No.

Sir G. Confusion! did you not all see him at the feet of her ladyship?

Omnes. No!

Com. By the lord, you're in a glorious minority of one—the noes have it hollow.

[*Clock strikes four—the Servants give three loud huzzas.*

Lady D. [*Crosses to Sir George.*] Fifty pounds, my dear, darling, jealous husband; and, next, your consent to the union of Frederick and Maria.

Sir G. Frederick and Maria!

Lady D. Yes; remember the bargain.

Sir G. But she detests him.

Lady D. Oh, that was only a momentary indisposition! You would not refuse him, would you, Maria?

Maria. No.

Com. Lord help me! no again!

Sir G. And your letter this morning was for——

Fre. Maria.

Sir G. I see, and blush for my folly.

Com. [*Crosses to Frederick.*] Frederick, my boy, your hand! I consent to your marriage with all my heart: and, Sir George, in atonement for your unjust suspicions, down on your marrowbones, and ask pardon of her ladyship, and pray, madam, don't say—No.

Lady D. No!

FINALE.

Cho. Hear ! hear ! hear
 The house must now divide :
 Question ! question ! question !
 The question to decide.

Fre. The rule of voting well you know,—
 If not, I'll here explain :—
 The noes into the lobbies go,
 And all the ayes remain.

Cho. Here ! here ! here &c.

Maria. On me, I'm sure, you'll not refuse
 Your voices to bestow ;
 For, when a female member sues,
 The house will not say " No ! "

Cho No ! no ! no !
 Nem. con. 'tis carried quite,—
 No ! no ! no !
 They'll not say " No," to night.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Servants.

AND. LADY D. SIR G. COM. FRED. MARIA. DEB.
 R.] [L.

THE END.

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